The Motoh

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



A ROYAL — AND IMPROMPTU — "SNACK": THE KING AND KING ALBERT LUNCHING AT ZEEBRUGGE, WITH A RAILWAY-TRUCK AS TABLE.



By KEBLE HOWARD (" Chicot.")

Armistice Christmas will be known to history as Armistice Christmas, just as next Christmas will be known (I sincerely hope) as Peace Christmas. Our visitors from overseas must not expect to see a real English Christmas this year. In the first place, we are not in the mood; in the second place, we haven't the goods; in the third place, the soldiers are not at home. The third is the chief reason why this coming Christmas will not do much credit to old England

and Charles Dickens.

"Away went Mr. Pickwick—hands across—down the middle to the very end of the room, and half-way up the chimney, back again to the door—poussette everywhere—loud stamp on the ground—ready for the next couple—off again—all the figure over once more—another stamp to beat out the time—the next couple, and the next,

and the next again—never was such going! At last, after they had reached the bottom of the dance, and full fourteen couple after the old lady had retired in an exhausted state, and the clergyman's wife had been substituted in her stead, did that gentleman, when there was no demand whatever on his exertions, keep perpetually dancing in his place to keep time to the music: smiling on his partner all the while with a blandness of demeanour which baffles all description."

That's the sort of Christmas we must have next year—a genuine Dickens Christmas! Christmas dead? Fudge! Not till English character, as it was and ought to be and will be, is dead!

"The best No Rations sitting-room at Manor Farm! Manor at Farm was a good, long, darkpanelled room with a high chimneypiece, and a capacious chimney, up which you could have driven one of the new patent cabs, wheels and all. At the upper end of the room, seated in a shady bower of holly and evergreens, were the two best fiddlers, and the only harp, in all Muggleton. In all sorts of recesses, and on all kinds of brackets, stood massive old silver candlesticks with four branches each. The carpet was up, the

candles burnt bright, the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, and merry voices and light-hearted laughter rang through the room. If any of the old English yeomen had turned into fairies when they died, it was just the place in which they would have held their revels."

My dear New Zealand cousins, and my dear Australian cousins, and my dear South African cousins, and my dear Canadian cousins, that is the sort of Christmas we should like to give you! We should like the log-fires to roar, and the great bowl of punch to send clouds of fragrant steam to the ceiling, and the waits to sing the old carols, and the tables to groan beneath the hams, and the turkeys, and the rounds of beef! We should like the floors to shake beneath your sturdy limbs as you whisk the girls round the room, and up the room, and down the room, and out of the room to the cosy corners in the dark passages where the bits of mistletoe, all innocently, have been stuck that very morning! We should like to show you the roads ringing hard with frost, and the hedges sparkling with rime, and the robins on the window-sills!

Next Time! That is the sort of Christmas we should love to have given you. Don't go home with the idea that such Christmases are things of the past—that we merely read about them, and dismiss them with a yawn, never having known them in reality. I assure you that I myself have seen many and many a Christmas of just that very sort, with every ingredient that I have named well to the fore! And it will happen again! Next year—Peace Year—there should be such a Christmas in England as England has never known! There must be, even if we have to form a Christmas League to do it!

Peace and Plenty next year—especially plenty. It will be high time for plenty. The people have been wonderfully patient, but I would not care to be the Prime Minister who tried their

patience too far. We cught to have everything we want by the Christmas of 1919, and we ought to have it in abundance. We have earned our right to a jolly Christmas—not a stingy Christmas, with all the good things doled out from a parsimonious cupboard, but a Christmas when everybody is warm, and comfortable, and jolly, and well-filled, and glowing, and smiling!

That's the sort of Christmas for John Bull. To the devil with your influenza, and your pessimists, and your political squab-bles, and your intrigues, and your inquests, and your bitter class bickerings, and your tricksters, and your rotten upstarts jumping on the shoulders of the decent folk! To the devil with all that sort of thing! We're sick to death of all that alien muck! Let them take it back to wherever it came from, and leave us a good clean England that fears God, honours the King, protects the feeble, shares out with the poor, weeps with those that mourn, and rejoices with them that do rejoice!



IN "THE LILAC DOMINO," AT THE EMPIRE: MISS JOSEPHINE EARLE,—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

Christmas Boats
for England!

Mean over and see us

mext Christmas! You've had all
the worst of us during this bloody
war. Come and see us when the

lights are up, and the boys are at home, and the girls have taken to skirts again, and the shops are full of good things, and a man can have a drink without feeling like the whipped cur from next-door!

Here's an idea for the shipping men, who have all made millions, I hear, out of the war. Let them return the compliment! Let them organise a series of Christmas boats from the Colonies and India and America, and let's all get together in this little island next Christmas—the PEACE CHRISTMAS—and make the welkin ring as it never rang yet!

We could do it all right. We've got the hearts already, and we shall have the stuff by then. Let's have a Christmas that will go down to history. It's a poor heart that never rejoices. Education and housing and all that are splendid, but let's have a bit of a kick-up as well. This world is getting a damn sight too serious. You boys from overseas are the fellows to stir the English Pudding. Come and LET IT RIP!

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SPY COMEDY AND REVUE: UNDERSTUDIES AND A DANCER.



"THE LUCK OF THE NAVY": MISS DOROTHY 2. IN "TAILS UP": MISS IRENE GREVILLE, WHO UNDERSELBORNE, WHO UNDERSTUDIES MISS MARY GLYNNE. STUDIES MISS MARIE HEMINGWAY.

3. TO APPEAR IN "OH! JOY": MISS HYLDA LEWIS.

Miss Dorothy Selborne is a member of the company in "The Luck of | while taking a part herself. She appears in Act 2 as Stella Hill. Miss

the Navy," the popular spy-play at the Queen's, and besides her own part, she understudies Miss Mary Glynne. Miss Irene Greville similarly understudies Miss Marie Hemingway in the Comedy revue, "Tails Up!"

Hylda Lewis, we understand, is to be chief dancer in a new production called "Oh! Joy," which Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard have it preparation for the Apollo Theatre later on.



of Newcastle is one of the busiest

of Duchesses, and

her intention to

make the · Children's Party at the

Savoy on Jan. 8

"a huge success"

looks like being

satisfactorily ful-

filled, and the Peace Thank-

Offering Fund of

the Waifs and

Strays. Society

promises to bene-

fit substantially.

So things, for once

in a way, are just

as they should be.

It is not very

often that one

DUCHESS with a head for business is not quite the rarity she used to be considered before the war. When tact and personal charm go with organising ability and practical common-sense, the owner, particularly if she happens to be entitled to wear strawberry-leaves, is likely to be kept busy. At the moment her Grace





ENGAGED TO A CANADIAN TO MARRY A WEARER OFFICER: MISS DOROTHY OF THE M.C.: MISS MARY MURIEL HASSALL.

GARLAND.

Miss Hassall, whose engagement to Captain Arthur Dobereiner, Canadian Field Artillery, is announced, is the daughter of the famous artist—and Special Constable—Mr. John Hassall, R.I., R.W.A., of 88, Kensington Park Road, W.—Miss Mar-land, who is engaged to Lieutenant H. M. Trower, Middlesex Regiment, eldest son of Captain A. Trower, R.A.M.C., Brittany Road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, is the youngest daughter Mr. Charles Garland, of 8, Clinton Crescent, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.—[Photographs by Bassano.]

finds the Duchess's name connected with large gatherings of this kind in London. The omission, however, is not due to lack of interest or kind-Her Grace prefers outdoor life at Clumber to the heartedness. more confined existence led by Londoners, and has the courage of her convictions, and carries them out.

The Duchess Director.

Apropos of her business ability, it is interesting to remember that the Duchess was at one time, and may be still, the director of a toy-making

company in Nottingham. The enterprise was connected with the movement to capture the German toy trade-a subject on which her Grace held strong views.

Practical Interest. The Newcastle family are well represented in philanthropic undertakings just now, for the Duke has been showing his interest-in the most practical and acceptable form-in the matinée of the Music Hall Ladies' Guild on Jan. 9. The action will not surprise his friends, for the aristocratic lay leader of the advanced High Church Party has always had friends behind the footlights, and philanthropy lies very near





TO MARRY: MAJOR-GENERAL S. D'A. CROOKSHANK, C.B.-MISS BERYL MARY STILL.

Major-General Crookshank, C.B., C.I.E., D.S.O., M.V.O., Royal Engineers, is engaged to Miss Beryl Mary Still, who is the daughter of the late Commander • W. Still, R.N., of Coombe Dingle, Bristol.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

his heart. Photography is his pet hobby, and he takes an interest -a purely intellectual one, of course-in crime.

> His Crowded Career.

Lord Chesham, during whose absence his wife is acting as Master of the Berkeley Hunt, has had a sufficiently crowded career to satisfy the most ravenous seeker

after sensations. A Peer at thirteen, through the tragic death of his father in the hunting-field, he had fought and been wounded at twenty, was married at twenty-one, and became the owner of

a son and heir a year later. His marriage to Miss Margot Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Mills, of Tansor Court, Oundle. at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1915-a ten-bridesmaids affair in which two of the Queen's nieces figured-was one of the bright social events of the war. A Cavendish on one side and a Grosvenor on the other, Lord Chesham has some of the most famous blood of the Northern Midlands in his veins. The bestknown member of the family was the father of the present Peer, a well-known figure at Court and Master of the Buckhounds under Lord Salisbury's régime.

Honouring . the Brave.

For Colonel John Buchan, war propagandist and historian, is reserved a great honour. He is to receive the freedom of Peebles. Peebles,

despite its frivolous name, is an ancient and royal borough, and has had poems written about it; and the gallant and grammatical Colonel could not have chosen a better place to be born in. John

Buchan is the sort of man whom everybody aspires to honour. He is married to a Grosvenor, did extraordinarily well at Brasenose, was private secretary to Lord Milner, and is a member of a publishing firm; and the author of innumerable novels and treatises. Besides all this literary activity, he fishes, deer - stalks, and mountaineers. Decidedly he deserves all Peebles can give him in the way of honour.

The Retiring R.A. President.

In retiring from the Presidency of the Royal Academy, Sir Edward Poynter terminates a very long reign. He has for twentytwo years held the fort of academic propriety against the wild men,



A BISHOP'S DAUGHTER ENGAGED: MISS J. RAWSTORNE.

J. Rawstorne, who is engaged to Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. David Bruce, Seaforth Highlanders, is a daughter of the Right Reverend Atherton Gwillym Rawstorne, Bishop of Whalley, Suffragan to the Bishop of Manchester. Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce is a brother of the Earl of Elgin, and has been wounded in the European War.

Photograph by Swaine.

great and small. For a man far advanced in his eighth decade he is extraordinarily vigorous in body and mind. He takes a keen pleasure in social life, is a capital walker, gardens like a modern Diocletian, and enjoys every moment of life. He belongs to an old tradition, and has little in common with the Café Royal school. He married a sister of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and is uncle by marriage to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It is fifty-one years ago since his first picture was hung, and, though such things as the "Visit to Æsculapius" do not appeal much to the present generation, they are very sound specimens of a style which will find its own place some day. It takes all sorts to make a world, and the Post-Impressionists who have long railed against Sir Edward Poynter for his narrowness may not be so particularly broad themselves, except in their effects. One remembers, or some of us do, the sensation caused in 1867 by his great—in more senses than one, picture "Israel in Egypt." It made people talk, and to achieve that was no trifling matter in those days.

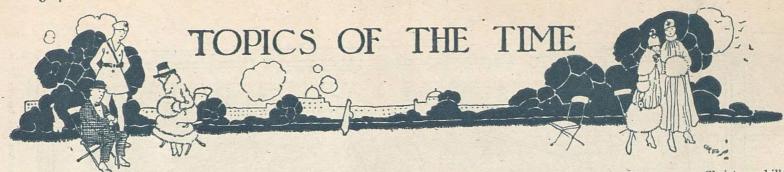
OH, TO BE HER PRINCE; OR, EVEN, BUTTONS! CINDERS.



THE CINDERELLA OF THE LYCEUM: MISS NANCY GIBBS.

"The Female Hun" has departed from the Lyceum (temp.), and in her stead is that most charming of pantomime heroines, Cinderella, who will be seen on Boxing Day in the person of Miss Nancy Gibbs. The Prince | Lloyd will be Dandini, [Photograph by Bertram Park.]

will be Miss Louie Beckman; and the chief comedians, Messrs. George Bass (as Buttons), Tom McNaughton, and Dave O'Toole. Miss Alice



You and I and something resembling a decent Christmas at last! Here's the best of luck to the three of us! And, in spite of the obviously lacking, the three of us ought to be able to rub along pretty well—especially with our old pal, a sense of proportion, making a fourth!

There are many absent; but we needn't be anxious about them! All's well over yonder. You and I and the Peace-Christmas this end know that in our bones. Let's read some of their telegraphic messages, handed in at Summerland P.O., excusing their absence.

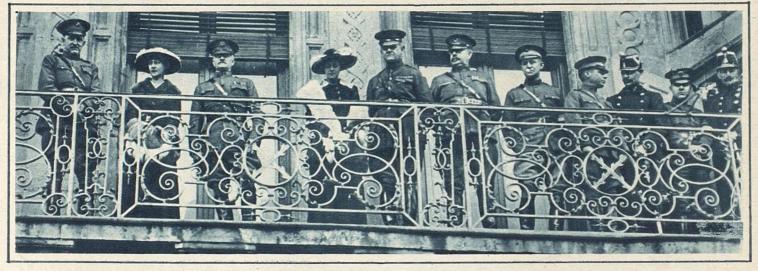
Excuse me; but I saw a chum half-buried by a shell. The eyes he turned to me said "Come!" I went. And all is well! He would have done the same for me if I'd been down, you bet! And that's why I'm an absentee and cannot join you—yet!

Excuse me; but a job there came that wanted volunteers. The sergeant let me add my name, and led three whispered cheers. The Moon shone coldly on us then, and sold us one by one! But now, with all those jolly men, I'm singing in the Sun!

Some of you are worrying, no doubt, over your Christmas bills. There 's that seventeen-guineas nightmare from the hair specialist, who has already begun to read the picturesque chapter about you in the romantic records of the Mutual Communication Society; and you are pretty certain to have received a Dreadnoughtish "Dear Madam" from the milliner—for milliners are all so painfully and piteously hard up now, poor dears!

But next to a sense of humour, as a carry-on force, comes the sense of proportion—to which, by the way, I made reference in the first paragraph as ever was on this page; and if you've got that you're all right! For what are your debts to those of the man who is about to be presented by the Allies with their bill for £24,000,000,000?

"Is Mr. Germany at home?" "Well, no—I fear he's absent still." "I've called from London, Paris, Rome, New York, and Brussels with their bill. We wrote and told him to expect a call from our collector soon. I think you'll find it all correct. I'll call again this afternoon!"



THE AMERICAN ENTRY INTO LUXEMBOURG: THE GRAND DUCHESS AND GENERAL PERSHING (3RD FROM LEFT) WATCHING THE MARCH-PAST.

The group is on the balcony of the Palace, at Luxembourg, which the Americans entered on Nov. 22.—[Photograph by U.S. Signal Corps.]

Excuse me; but I'm helping here, and cannot be released. There's such an endless crowd this year invited to our Feast! "Some Feller" is our Christmas Host!—"some show" His Christmas ball! And we, as you, shall give the toast, "God bless you, one and all!"

Daphne has been told by her mirror and other flatterers that she has very pretty legs. This has made the kid terribly vain, and I 've been spending most of my time lately in hiding from her the fashion articles which go on telling you that "skirts will be shorter than ever."

But of what use are these precautions when you find a verse like the following pinned to her Christmas stocking on the off-hind post of her Jacobean bye-bye shelf? (It was signed by Father Christmas, an admirer old enough to know better.)

With gifts I made my midnight round, and now, dear child, I've gone! In this no treasure will be found—until you've put it on!

It is entirely her own fault. I told her to put the bolster-case there; but she was quite indignant at the notion, and exclaimed, in a high soprano of horror, "Fancy if Father Christmas went about spreading the news that I'd got a leg like that!"

"Has Mr. Germany returned?" "Well, no; and if it's truth you seek, I beg to say, from what I've learned, he won't be back for quite a week!" "Most inconvenient, I confess," the Creditors' collector drawled. "Please post it to his Dutch address, and kindly let him know I called!"

And so on and so forth, until the "we-are-instructed-by-our-clients" stage; and most people know what happens when it gets as far as that! Yes; it's some bill, isn't it?... So why these tears about your hair specialist and your milliner? The next time you feel upset about them, just turn to your newspaper and see how Germany is getting along with that little account of £24,000,000,000 !

One of our suburban managers had a call the other day from a lady who wanted an engagement. When she was asked her nationality, she answered, "I am from Vienna!" I don't know what the manager told her, but I will deal with the matter here.

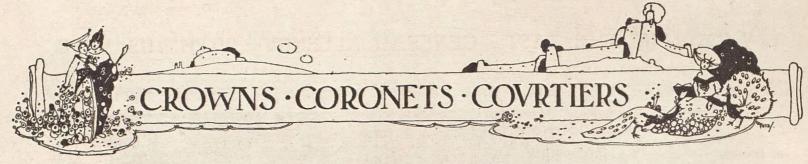
No vacancy just yet, I fear, oh, Lady Viennese! We 've dancers in abundance here our appetites to please. Proverbial is your chic, I know, and high your kick's ascent! But since you are so full of "go," we'd rather that you went! I'm satisfied with kicks and twirls performed by pretty English girls!





DAUGHTER - AND FATHER: MISS BINNIE HALE (LEFT); AND MR. ROBERT HALE (QUITE RIGHT).

Here are amusing photographic studies of Mr. Robert Hale and his daughter Binnie. Miss Binnie Hale is playing Tessie in "Fair and Warmer," Mr. Hale is shown as he was when he parodied the heroine of "Three Weeks," in "Topsy Turvy," at the Empire. -[Photographs by Elifott and Fry and Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



HE Queen of the Belgians has restored romance to Royal progresses, Royal entries, Royal triumphs, by "taking horse." For some two centuries the carriage has dismounted woman on these great days and occasions; and, since Elizabeth defied Spain from her saddle, Queens have sat behind a coachman. Queen Victoria, it is true, rode to reviews in parks in the days of her youth; but reviews were then matters of sport rather than, even approximately, matters of war. She rode in a flowing habit and a flapping hat, and loosely gathered hair; and one wonders how, even on the traditional "palfrey," anything kept on. The Belgian Queen uses the modern covert-coat and the cap. But some women still sigh for the time, between the early Victorian and the present, when her tailor fitted her to perfection, gave her a waist, and crowned with a low top-hat her neat hair. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria, when she hunted in England, knew that a woman so habited looked wonderfully well.

Figuring It Out. The date of President Wilson's arrival at Brest fitted in very neatly with his prepossessions regarding the number thirteen. He was the thirteenth President of Princeton University in the thirteenth year of his professorial activities; he started on his first successful campaign for a more important Presidentship on the

thirteenth of the month, with thirteen friends in his travelling party; a politician, with an eye for the winner, who suggested that, just for luck, he should make a fourteenth was kept out on the same grounds. Wilson started his career in earnest in '76, when he was twenty, and first married in '85—both dates totalling his lucky number. His only regret, he is fond of saying, is that he has not thirteen daughters—instead of three.

Kkaki has " Civies." proved such an easy phrase for describing the garb of half England that any other sounds clumsy and inadequate. "Plain clothes" suggests Bow Street on the prowl; "a lounge suit" is pure "shop," and "civilian attire" ridiculous. You can say a man is in "tweeds" without seeming to lay too much stress on the fact that he possesses a suit of clothes, but it does not always meet the case. There are other ways out of the difficulty, of course; Admiral Beatty is described as



WIFE AND CHILDREN OF THE HEIR TO A WELL-KNOWN PEER: THE HON. MRS. WEETMAN HAROLD PEARSON, WITH HER FAMILY.

The Hon. Mrs. Harold Pearson is the wife of Major the Hon. Weetman Harold Miller Pearson, M.P., the eldest son of Lord Cowdray. Before her marriage, in 1905, the Hon. Mrs. Harold Pearson was Miss Agnes Beryl Spencer-Churchill, daughter of the late Lord Edward Spencer-Churchill, fifth son of the sixth Duke of Marlborough.—[Photograph by Speaight, Ltd.]



A FAMOUS SOLDIER'S HOMECOMING: GENERAL HORNE AND HIS FAMILY. General Sir Henry Horne, Commanding the First Army, was given a warm welcome at the village of East Haddon, Northampton, on his arrival from France. Our photograph shows General Horne and his family at his house (right to left): General Sir Henry Horne, Miss Kitty Horne, Lady Horne, and the General's nephew, Midshipman Horne, R.N.

Photograph by Baldwin.

visiting his home the other day in mufti; and Lady Londonderry favours the same attire, according to the paragraphs. That is all very well in the case of a big and familiar personality, famous for blue and gold, or for any figure who has been very prominent in uniform, but it will not do for everyday use. In the Services the universal dream is of a return to "civies," and "civies" doubtless is a word that will shortly be sanctioned by the highbrows of the Society news column. There is no alternative.

The Jolly Tar. How is it, by the way, that Admiral Beatty makes such a perfect Admiral in appearance as well as in fact? The Silent Service favours so strong a habit of camouflage that most of its great figures, from Nelson to Jellicoe, have managed to look like saints, or city clerks, or clergymen, or anything in the world but breezy, deep-sea sailors. For the future, I am told, Beatty will be the type. "Actors, please copy" should be written under all his photographs. He is, indeed, so extraordinarily like an Admiral, so much more like than is required of him, that one thinks of a very good actor when one encounters him either in a snapshot or in the flesh.

"In Empty
Numbers." The world is passing through a statistical stage.

The numbers of the dead in the Great War, the numbers of the wounded, the numbers of pounds that must be paid, and even the comparatively minute numbers of the women voters-though these exceed by a million or more the original estimate men made of them-are all bandied about by speakers, accepted by hearers, but never half-realised. Perhaps one way to begin to bring home the magnitude of our army of 700,000 dead is to imagine it in quick march, two and two abreast, past Buckingham Palace, and taking four days and four nights in the process. To the specialist in figures, however, the figures themselves have a sort of fascination-he does not need to translate them into terms of human tragedy. Once on a time a mathematician went to see Garrick act, and, when asked what he thought, re-plied, "I saw a fat little man strut about the stage and repeat 7956 words." Not for him was Garrick the being whose death should eclipse the gaiety

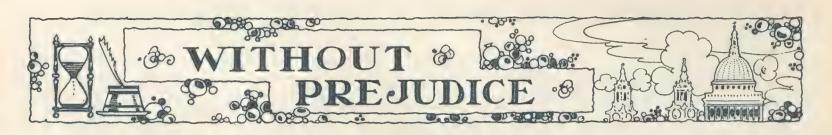
A VICTOR IN THE EAST: GENERAL ALLENBY-WITH HIS WIFE.



AT CAIRO: SIR EDMUND ALLENBY, K.C.B., AND LADY ALLENBY.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, General Sir Edmund Allenby, visited Cairo officially on Nov. 24. He was met by Sir Reginald Wingate, the High Commissioner; the Sultan's representative; Major-General Watson; and the leading officials and notable personages of the city. A guard of honour of British troops and the

Sultan's bodyguard were present on the occasion, and there was an imposing procession through the city, while overhead flew a formation of aeroplanes. Lady Allenby, whom General Allenby married in 1896, was Miss Adelaide Mabel Chapman, daughter of Mr. H. E. Chapman, of Donhead House, Salisbury—[Photograph supplied by C.N.]



ND now, Messieurs 'dames, for the cold turkey, turkey fritters, hashed turkey, devilled turkey, turkey soup, and Dindon à l'Ophelia (' that's for remembrance'). Why in

the world didn't one of the protein enthusiasts who used to confide the most intimate details about our calories to the Ministry of Food discover the remarkably durable qualities of this persevering bird when the discovery might have been of some use? It should have been imported in large quantities during the darkest days of the submarine campaign, when the curve of sinkings was chasing the poor old curve of new construction all round the diagram, and the queues were more numerous than the Q-boats. Government purchase on a large scale would only have cost a couple of K.B.E.s for the unpaid officials and another half per cent. on the Excess Profits Duty; and it is estimated that an annual arrival of approximately-I think I have the figures by me somewhere—three and one-third turkeys per head of the carnivorous population (excluding rodents and other consumers of Eustace Mileage) would have given us the conclusive bulge on von Hipper and kept Mr. Clynes smiling even if the threemile limit was crawling with periscopes. And we could always have done with a really efficient rubber-substitute for motor-transport purposes. But they couldn't think of everything, could they?

Anyway, you really must take the holly-leaves out of your hair. Get up off the floor, and do stop making bearnoises under that hearth-

rug. You'll only get a lot of dust into your lung and damage the self-starter if you don't. Nobody will be a bit sorry for you when your watch-glass breaks, and the children don't like it, you know; their insincere and simulated enjoyment is merely due to their natural politeness in embarrassing circumstances. Dignity and a certain ease of parting with cash are the only qualities which they value But if in the aged. there really is a general feeling among uncles that they simply must make noises because they (as distinguished from all the Parliamentary candidates) have

won the war and saved up nearly enough money to pay for a new suit, they should learn how to rattle like tanks. Clanking like a caterpillar-wheel is the new and (in one's own restricted circle) exceedingly rare drawing-room accomplishment.



A STATUE THAT "SPRANG UP IN A NIGHT": AN EDITH CAVELL MEMORIAL IN BRUSSELS-DETAIL OF THE BASE. This statue to the memory of Miss Edith Cavell may almost be said to have sprung up in a night, so quickly was it set up in Brussels after the Germans had evacuated the city.

Official Photograph.



The inscription reads: "A Miss Edith Cavell. Hommage à Angleterre. 22 Novembre 1918." Official Photograph.

What shudders must have run through parents of every age, rank, class, and occupation at the new terror added to life by Miss Elizabeth Asquith's Straight Talks on Father. Everybody expects

to be given away by his wife, his typist, and the man who cuts his hair (which is probably the reason that no statesman ever seems to get it done), but he had dreamt that the confidences of his children were sacred. But now one looks forward with a zest that the parents can hardly be expected to share to hearing Christabel on "How Mother Does It," and Megan on "What I Think of Father's Back Hair." Little Willie can lecture to the Amalgamated Society of Barber Artificers (with which is incorporated the Chiropodists' Union) on "How Father Turns Them Up"; and Miss Wilson may be expected to draw crowded houses with "When Pop Gets That Uplift." But if politics afford, on the whole, the most alluring field for the operations of the new type of enfant terrible, the politicians are not the only ones, after all. The lecture agencies would be well advised to get busy among the second generation, and the advance booking for "How Granny Does Her Song and Dance," by Master (censored) should exceed all reasonable expectations.

One had always wondered what on earth Parliamentary candidates talked about whilst the votes were being counted. An exhaustive discussion of the crop and weather prospects and the interior architecture of the average Town Hall has always seemed a strik-

ingly unsatisfying pabulum for the long period of anxiety while the senior wranglers sit in the corner and croon "hundred and twentyone — hundred and twenty-two" over the ballot-boxes. But this time we really seem to have reached the poor things' limit of endurance. A suspension of fourteen days at the gates of Paradise may well prove too much for the best-tempered of Peri. And when one adds to that the tragic fact that they have probably exhausted all the things to say about each other, and that it isn't safe yet to be rude to any of the electors, in case he (I mean, she) cables to an Absent Voter who might just

incline the scale in the wrong direction, it positively becomes a case for the R.S.P.C.A. So they will probably take to fret-work or writing lyrics for the provincial pantomimes—a hard life with paper at present prices and no rhymes for Hindenburg.

A PORTRAIT PAGE: SOME INTERESTING PERSONALITIES.



The Hon. Leila Mabel Gough-Calthorpe is sister of the eighth Baron Calthorpe, and of Admiral Sir Somerset Gough-Calthorpe, K.C.B., C.V.O.—

Mrs. Whitehill Ross is the wife of Major Whitehill Ross, Indian Army, son of the late Colonel Sir Edward Ross, C.S.I.—Mrs. Sladen is the wife of Brigadier-General Gerald Carew Sladen, D.S.O., M.C., Royal Warwickshire Regiment, thrice mentioned in despatches. She was Miss Mabel Ursula

Orr-Ewing, a daughter of Sir Archibald and the Hon. Lady Orr-Ewing.—Miss Betty Ewart is the daughter of Lady Mary Ewart, and a cousin of the Earl of Arran.—Miss Irene Hart is the daughter of Mrs. Arnold Ellert, and niece of the late Sir Robert Hart.—Mrs. Paulet is the wife of Major Charles Standish Paulet, M.V.O., Deputy Director-General. Munitions Ministry.

THE SPEAKER'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AS DANCER:



1. IN "THE LITTLE SHEPHERD": MRS. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER WITH MR. FREDERIC MACKAY.

2. IN "THE GOLLIWOGS' CAKE W

WITH MR. I

WAR CHARITY MATINÉE AT THE ALHAMBRA.



K": MRS. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER EST THESIGER.

3. IN "THE SNOW IS DANCING": MRS. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER.

the leading part in "The Little Shepherd," "The Golliwogs' Cake Walk," and "The Snow is Dancing." Another item was a duologue in which the Duchess of Westminster took part. Mrs. Lowther, formerly Miss Ina Pelly, is a daughter of the Rev. Canon Pelly. She married Mr. Christopher Lowther in 1910.

THE CHILDREN'S SEASON IN CHELSEA: MARGARET MORRIS.



- I. "THE JEW AMONG THE THORNS": THE SERVANT SHOOTS A BIRD.
- 3. A TYPICAL GROUP: CINDERELLA AND HER UGLY SISTERS.

- 2. "THE PRINCE AND THE SWINEHERD": THE PRINCESS AND THE MAGIC POT.
- 4. THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: A WARNING FOR CINDERELLA.

Admirers of exquisite colour, and a fine sense of artistic grouping, will for the four weeks during which it will be devoted to a Children's without doubt fill the Margaret Morris Theatre, in Flood Street, Chelsea, Season. Old favourites treated in fanciful fashion have been wisely [Continued opposite.

THE CHILDREN'S SEASON IN CHELSEA: FAIRY TALES IN ACTION.



THE MARGARET MORRIS CHRISTMAS PRODUCTIONS: "CINDERELLA."

Continued.] chosen for the Christmas season, and Miss Morris knows well how to enlist art in her service and invest the familiar stories with grace "The Jew Among the Thorns," by the Brothers and a new charm. Grimm, Hans Andersen's "The Princess and the Swineherd," and

the Ballet of "Cinderella" afford tempting scope for the inspiration of the artist, and Miss Morris has found many opportunities for effective colour and grouping-opportunities which she has turned to the greatest possible advantage. -[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



V.A.D. IS ? OUO

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

RINCESS ALICE, Countess of Athlone, looked very sweet the other afternoon at a Thé Dansant given in aid of the Home Defence Comforts Fund at Mrs. Edwards' charming house in New Cavendish Street. The Princess was wearing a black-and-gold lace frock over a white silk foundation; her black hat trimmed with ospreys and her dark furs completed the black-and-white scheme. But while we, the ordinary mortals, were fox-trotting with glee to the luring lilt of an excellent band, the Princess sat for three solid hours smiling with what I-enamoured of dancing-deemed heroic stoicism, noblesse oblige. Probably Princess Alice did want to dance too; but where was the man bold enough to ask her?

Letters, letters-high like zat!-which I should have answered and have not. Will my readers and correspondents accept my thanks and apologies? The "'flu," of course! It is a bad reason, but a very good excuse. A "you" to whom I gave it (the excuse, not the 'flu!) sent me the following letter on the subject. As it is both seasonable (alas!) and amusing, I'll share it with you-

"DEAR PHRYNETTE,-I thank my creator that in doing his work he did not omit to endow me with a sense of humour, and even in 'flu there must be a funny side, so let's find it. Of course, I know, provided that you are not too ill (to enjoy the luxuries of life) and chez-vous it provides an excellent (and legitimate) excuse to open your few remaining bottles of 'o6-and to indulge in every luxury your soul can covet. Nestling in your downy couch under your black silk eiderdown and Futurist lamp-shades, a blazing fire glowing radiantly in the hearth, you lazily slumber or leisurely glance through a daintily bound novel, or listen for the frequent peals from the front-door bell, following which a neatly aproned parlourmaid enters bearing flowers, fruits the lusciousness of which might well rival products of Israel, books the reading of which will enstir many a thrill of pleasure, and possibly unpublished manuscripts that you alone in your pitiable (!) condition are entitled to see in their primeur. Perfumes, cigarettes, mascots, and letters, not forgetting suggestions and invitations for your convalescence, are showered

upon you. Thus your friends that 9 sympathetically show they have not forgotten you in your 'sad plight' (ah, me!). And this is how you endure (or enjoy?) 'flu, knowing that nowadays, until you have had 'it,' you are scarcely fashionable.

"But have you had 'it' in a small, draughty hut on a sand-blown shore? Then you don't know how to enjoy it. You retire to your cubicle, where a fire has been lit in the so-called stove, filling the room with a dense blue smoke which chokes and almost suffocates you-and seriously you contemplate the advisability of donning your gas-mask!

"The wind whistles through the cracks in the wall, musically, as if to enlighten your gloomy forebodings; while the rain splashes through the broken window-panes, refreshing you with its shower. Too weary to heed your discomforts, you endeavour to obliviate them in sleep. You turn from side to side, trying to find a slightly more congenial corner in that hard mattress,

while the hut rocks in the gale till you fear its entire demobilisation. Eventually utter exhaustion overcomes you-or Nature takes pity on you, and you fall asleep. You wake to find the fire

evening in your 'chamber.' ously damp atmosphere, making you shrink from the cold, clammering, moist bed-clothing, reigns supreme. A slight hunger bestirs you, and eagerly you await a tempting morning meal. A soldier-servant enters; you see his hands and fancy he must be a niggerbut no, his face is white. He straightens your bed, leaving the exact impression of those gigantic hands on your dainty blue bath-gown, and proceeds more or less at the same time to light the fire. In about an hourduring which time you have consumed some gallons of

out many hours, the morning sea-fog

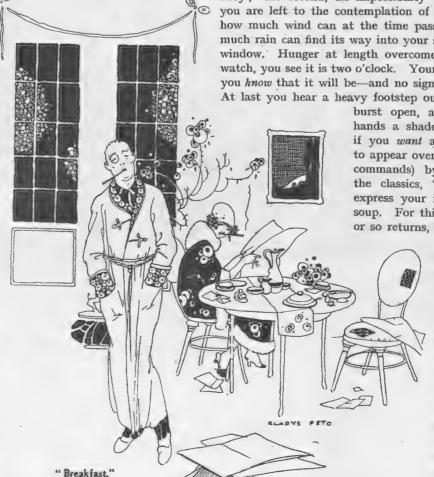
replacing the smoke of the previous

smoke, and your eyes smart so that you can scarcely see GLADYS -he returns with your breakfast; but, alas! the tea is cold and the toast has obviously been dropped on the path outside. However, extracting the gravel, and plucking the grass from the butter, you hungrily

enjoy' your meal. "The doctor calls, and tells you (oh, irony!) to keep warm and not eat too much! The first, you know, will be an impossibility to obey; the second, an impossibility to disobey; and once again you are left to the contemplation of the wooden walls, wondering how much wind can at the time pass through each crack or how much rain can find its way into your sanctuary through the broken window. Hunger at length overcomes you, and, looking at your watch, you see it is two o'clock. Your bed has not been made-but you know that it will be-and no signs of luncheon have appeared. At last you hear a heavy footstep outside; the door is ruthlessly

burst open, and your orderly enters, his hands a shade blacker than before, asking if you want anything to eat. Not wishing to appear over-zealous (heeding the doctor's commands) by answering as they say in the classics, 'It is only a rumour,' you express your indifference to a bowl of hot soup. For this he departs, and in an hour or so returns, bearing in one hand a tumbler

of bovril, in the other a shovelful of coal. But, alas! the gusty winds blow the door back before he has passed the threshold, and somehow, in the confusion that follows, a piece of coal falls into your bovril. He proceeds to extract the truant by inserting two filthy fingers into the tumbler. He hands you your-now cold-hot drink. Too tired to complain, too hungry to refuse, you meekly swallow the beverage! "This is how I had the 'flu, Phrynette!"



A PLAYER IN THE GREAT DRAMA: ACTRESS AND WAR-WORKER.



OF THE MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS: MISS MARGOT PARK.

Miss Margot Park, like many another, gave up her career (in her case on the stage) to do her bit during the Great War, and took up work at the Ministry of Munitions.—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



LTHOUGH the war is over-perhaps, indeed, because it is-Sir Walter Raleigh's sundry addresses, "England and the War," make a timely appearance. For he deals not with the campaigning, but with ideas of life and conduct that are native to ourselves and to our enemies; and, as the continuance of peace depends upon a right adjustment of these, now is the time when such reasonable, broad-minded lectures as his may be profitably considered. He shows that our patriotism comes of thought and a wider sympathy than the Germans ever knew"; and I am glad he is opposed to the craze for too much organisation. Extravagant praise has been given, he remarks, "to the German power of thinking, which produces the elaborate marvels of German organisation. But this thinking is slave-thinking, not masterthinking; it spends itself wholly on devising complicated means to achieve a very simple end. That is what makes the Germans so like the animals. Their wisdom is all cunning."

But he is scrupulously just, and no more condemns everything German than, in "The War and the Press," he praises all our journalistic methods. In politics he seems to be a bit of a pessimist,

for he holds that all our parties are really one, and that one Conservative. "There is something comic," to him, "in a wellnourished rich man who believes that he is a bold reformer and a destructive thinker. For real clotted reactionary sentiment I know nothing to match the table-talk of an aged Parliamentary Radical. When we get a Labour Government, it will be patriotic, prejudiced, opposed to all innovation, superstitiously reverential of the past, sticky, and, probably, tyrannical."

Our national vices and virtues and general his-

tory, and the new world that is to arise out of the war, are the themes of Arthur Mee's "Who Giveth Us the Victory." There is plenty of truth and vigorous common-sense in the book, but its demand for prohibition as a remedy for some of our ills puts my back up. That remedy is too superficial and too tyrannical. I am not much of a drunkard myself, but I object to prohibition as bad in principle—as bad as it was in the old days for the Established Church to convert Nonconformists with racks and thumb-screws.

We are used to thinking of Lieutenant Will Dyson as a caricaturist, but there is no caricature in "Australia at War"-nothing but a stark and simple realism that is grim even when it is humorous. He moves, as G. K. Chesterton has it, and shows his comrades moving against an "elemental emptiness of bare lands and bleak waters. These and Nevinson's are the vividest, most brilliant pictorial records we have of the dogged heroism of the men who fought and endured to victory through the rains and mud and slime of Flanders. As forceful as the drawings are Will Dyson's descriptive comments.

It is related in "Prints and Drawings by Frank Brangwyn" that when Brangwyn was seventeen and at work in South Kensington

plain-to look out for another career." William Morris gave the same devastating counsel to the youthful Aubrey Beardsley; but in neither case was it taken, and the probability is that Brangwyn is now more famous than that famous painter, who was not the last of his adverse critics. The critics don't matter much in the longrun, if the artist is the real thing and strong enough to believe in himself; and by now most of us who care for such things are coming round to agree with the American millionaire, quoted by Shaw Sparrow, who said, "Our age is too much of a Brobdingnag for most painters, etchers, sculptors, and writers. Let me have Brangwyn, then, and a few others"; and he spoke for us too when he gloried in "the Brangwyn paint and colour, opulent, sumptuous, alive : . . his lusty manliness, a generous great swagger free from bombast, and as natural and wayward as winds, harvests, and the sea." For an ample and immensely interesting account of the artist and his career I commend you to Shaw Sparrow's appreciation.

If the sayings and doings of Douglas Jerrold are more familiar now than his writings, he shares that distinction with Dr. Johnson. Like the Doctor, he was a personality, a pre-ordained subject for the

biographer, and "Douglas Jerrold; Dramatist Wit" has a picturesqueness and variety of interest that are not too common in literary biography. He scored his biggest triumph on the stage with" Black-Susan ": Eved and in Punch, and afterwards in book form, with " Mrs. Caudle." Novelist, playwright, editor, journalist, miscellaneous writer, a notable figure in Bohemia, and, as a contemporary wrote in 1849, "the wittiest man in London," this story is a delightfully entertaining contribution to literary history.

Gilbert Cannan burlesques rather

PROVIDERS OF ENTERTAINMENT FOR AMERICAN TROOPS IN LONDON: AN INTERESTING CROUP OF MANAGERS AND OTHERS WELL KNOWN IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

At the Palace Theatre and the National Sporting Club entertainment has been provided for 4000 American soldiers per week by the trial—and other—magnates seen here. In the front row (l. to r.) are Messrs. Robert Evett, André Charlot, Albert de Courville, S. B. Joel, James White, Sir Alfred Butt, and Edward Laurillard. In the back row (l. to r.) are Mr. Bernard Hishin, Colonel H. G. Mayes, and Messrs. Maurice Volny, Fred Trussell, Randal Charlton, J. B. Davidson, Tom Honey, Harold Morton,

A. Douglas-Hamilton, and Arthur Croxton.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

> than satirises the modern stage in "Mummery," but does it cleverly; and, of his three idealists, one is amusing, one an intellectual prig, and the other charming. "Black Sheep Chapel" has only two idealists; one is almost impossibly good, and though the other breaks down, writes a brilliantly successful play, and gets mixed up with a crowd of sinful theatrical people, he repents, and in the end looks like becoming the better good man of the two. Rosamund Way might have married either. I don't know whether she ought to have taken the one who was old enough to be her father; but, anyhow, it is a brightly written, thoroughly readable story.

BOOKS TO READ.

England and the War. By Walter Raleigh. (Oxford Press.) Who Giveth Us the Victory. By Arthur Mee. (Allen and Unwin.)

Australia at War. By Will Dyson. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. (Cecil Palmer and Hayward.)

Prints and Drawings by Frank Brangwyn; With Some Phases of His Art. By W. Shaw Sparrow. Illustrated. (John Lane.)

Douglas Jerrold: Dramatist and Wit. By Walter Jerrold. Two vols. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mummery. By Gilbert Cannan. (Collins.)

Black Sheep Chapel. By Margaret Baillie-Saunders. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Danger, and Other Stories. By Sir A. Conan Doyle. (John Murray.)

Museum, "a famous painter told him-the hint was broad and





IT VERY NEARLY CAME TO THIS! MR. BINKS APPLYING FOR PERMISSION TO SPEND THIRTY SHILLINGS ON CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WIFE AND FAMILY.

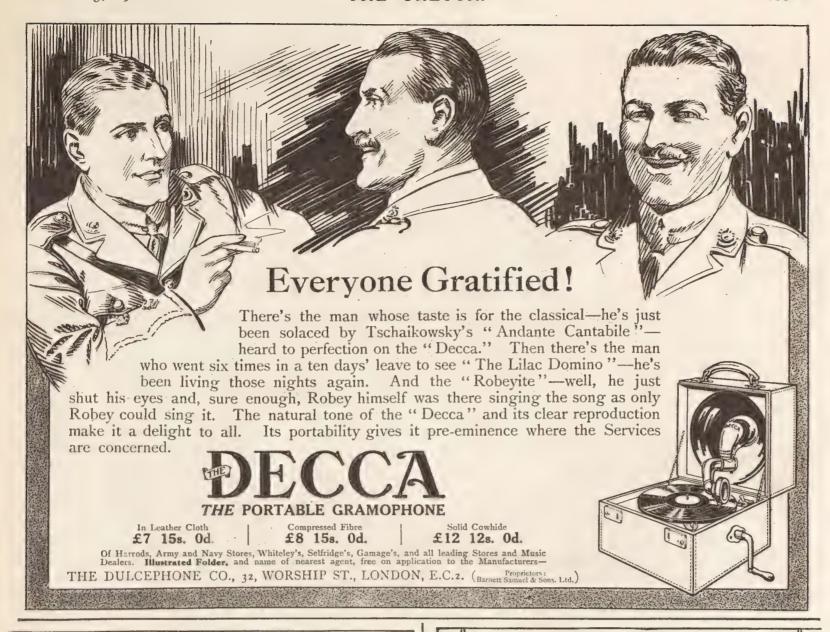
THE WHITE LADY OF CROAKDOM GRANGE (to the Spectre Knight): If you'd had a grain of patriotism your chain would have been munitions long ago.

DRAWINGS BY CHARLES HARRISON.

BYE LAWS

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ON WIRELESS TELEPHONES.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

Old Experiments.

SEE be the papers "--as the inimitable Mr. Dooley used to say-that the American Air Service has discovered wireless telephones for use on aeroplanes. Paragraphs have been tearing across the Atlantic by cable, by wireless, and by post-not yet by aeroplane, happily-relating how someone had told the

IN MEMORY OF A GREAT AIRMAN: THE GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT AVIATEUR GARROS, WHO FELL IN AN AERIAL FIGHT, OCT. 5, 1918. French Official Photograph.

Washington correspondent of the local paper of his old home town how he had sat at his bureau in the Department of Aeronautical Instruction, and had directed through the transmitter of an ordinary 'phone the manœuvres of a squadron of planes hovering at a height of several miles over his head.

" 'Planes " that "Hover."

You will have noticed that the international journalist always calls aero-"' 'planes," planes which no aviator ever does. Also that in these startling paragraphs aeroplanes always "hover," which no

self-respecting machine ever does-except for that uncomfortable moment when the pilot has managed to stall the machine to a standstill, and it hangs almost motionless in the air before digging its nose down and heading vertically for Mother Earth. Also that these wirelessly telephonic gentlemen always sit at their desks when

issuing their mandates, so that one is inclined to wonder how they are able to watch the afore-mentioned manœuvres, unless fitted with X-ray vision to allow them to see through the floors and roof above, or with horizontal periscopes which allow them to look upwards out of their office windows.

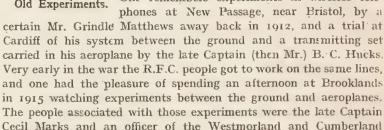
Corroborative Detail.

Presumably, all these trimmings are merely what the late lamented Sir W. S.

Gilbert called " corroborative detail intended to give an air of artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." But, as a matter of cold, hard fact, the wireless telephone for aeroplanes does exist, and has existed for quite a long time. Its discovery during the last few weeks by the American Press, and its discovery by the British Press via America, reminds one of the story of the man who claimed that the greatest person the world had ever produced was Christopher Columbus, because he dis-

covered America. Whereupon the quiet man in the corner remarked with scorn: "Bosh! America was discovered dozens of times before Columbus found it, but they always managed to keep 'it dark."

the use of a machine-gun. The Germans have known for a long time that we possess wireless telephones, for it is a matter of six or eight months since their High Command sent out an ungent order to all units to salve every particle of the wireless sets of British aeroplanes, as it was desired to investigate the British system of "undamped waves"—whatever that may mean. Fortunately, the vital part of the apparatus is so delicate that it can be destroyed almost as easily as a soap-bubble-even a seriously rough landing would probably smash it up-and so the Hun never got hold of our secret, for, naturally, every pilot of a machine equipped with the new apparatus had strict orders to destroy it immediately he found that he was bound to land in enemy territory. It is quite amusing to listen to, and watch, a formation manœuvring under verbal orders by telephone. One hears the patrol leader order Smith and Jones-for example-to dive, and promptly two machines dive away from the formation after an imaginary enemy. Then, perhaps, one member of the formation is lagging a bit, and one hears an angry voice ordering Robinson to close up, whereupon the straggler speeds up and gets into his proper position. Thereafter follows, perhaps, regular aerial drill, the patrol leader wheeling his fermation like a squadron of cavalry, or climbing or diving in formation, the whole performance being accompanied by a running fire of commentsfrequently uncomplimentary-by the patrol leader. One gathers that only the patrol leader, and perhaps a senior officer on the



One remembers experiments in wireless tele-

Cecil Marks and an officer of the Westmorland and Cumberland Hussars, who, being still alive, will doubtless prefer to remain nameless-at any rate, in print.

German Curiosity. Since then the most astounding progress has been made, and for a year or more telephonic

communication between aircraft and the ground, and between one

aircraft and another has been as practicable, if not as common, as



ON ITS RETURN TO ITS BASE: AN AMERICAN FLYING-BOAT. Photograph by Signal Corps, A.E.F.

ground, have transmitters, the rest of the patrol being only allowed receivers, which is a wise provision, guaranteeing absence of backchat from the pilots-even in such unpromising conditions as those which are inevitable in such difficult work.

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Premature Old Age

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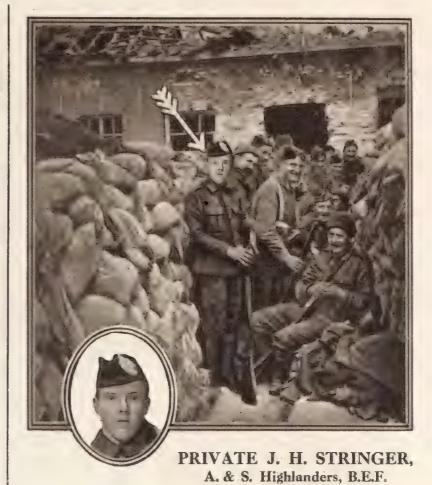
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This seasoned soldier found that nothing but Phosferine enabled him to overcome influenza and the stomach disorders which made him unable to carry on his duties. Phosferine re-energised the nerve organisms, and thus ensured that his system acquired the extra vitality to outlast the exhausting disorders which beset him.

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Lassitude Neuritis Faintness Brain-Fag Anæmia

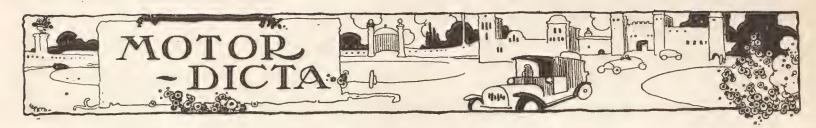
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R.A.C. FESTIVITIES: THE PRICE OF CARS. By GERALD BISS.

HIS beastly war has got us out of the merry Christmas habit after four Yuletides of carrying-on; and in some ways it is hard to drop back into it all at once, especially in the case of hard-shelled pessimists, who had made up their minds to a neverending war and dug themselves in accordingly for life. Before the war, the R.A.C. (somewhat to the chagrin of some of its elderly

technical founders, be it admitted) had for some time taken a strong line in such frivolous matters as Tango suppers and all the pre-war giddy-go-round-not, of course, in the severely chaste committeeroom, which never unbends beyond an occasional very select luncheon party or a dinner "with a purpose," which has a horrible moral sound about it, but in the restaurant department, which ever had more attraction to the frivolous non-technical motorist, who preferred caviare to carburetters and Bollinger to back-axles. The war put the lid on all that and reduced the club to a very serious-minded, overcrowded haunt of civilian war-workers, tempered by khaki members and Overseas officers on leave; but lately, since that armistice, things have been warming up very considerably at the Club in the way of dances and entertainments.

This year it is pro-New Year's Eve posed to repeat the at the R.A.C. popular and successful New Year's Eve arrangements of five

years ago, leaving Christmas itself, as before, for festivities at home. As in 1913, on New Year's Eve there will be dinner at 7.30, followed by a ball at 9.30 in the swimming-bath-no aquatic sports and that sort of Trouville business, as the special dancing-floor will be put over the top. Then a concert at midnight in the Great Gallery, to say nothing of some side-shows in the squash racquet courts. The only difference will be "the restrictions still in force," which will be apt to make the latter part of the entertainment as

dry as the swimmingbath with the lid on; but for any such shortcomings you must not blame the poor old club, butno, I will mention no names. Surely She will be dead and buried long before next New Year's Eve? By the way, talking of the R.A.C., I hear that there is some hope that Colonel Sir William Watts, K.C.B., who has been acting as assistant - secretary to Julian Orde, principally upon the military side, may stay on upon "demobilisation,"

CARS IN PROCESSIONAL TRIM: PRESIDENT WILSON DRIVING TO THE RAILWAY STATION AT BREST .- [Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

though, of course, the Club will continue to provide a home and H.Q. in town for the Overseas officers for a long while to come.

Cars at one time used to be a very favourite Buying a Car. Christmas present with people who could jump them from someone who loved them sufficiently; but they

have been off for four years, like most other things. This year they are worse than ever-without money and without price, and not available at that. The best attempt the desirous can make to extort an automobile is to get the tender-hearted donor to add her name—(it is always "her" in these matters, even though, nowadays, they do vote, and have equal rights)-to a long queue at

> some British firm's factory, pay a deposit and trust in Providence. the armistice in November, the motor industry was just caught too late; but with Olympia Show revived in all its stuffiness and glory next November, very brisk business, the briskest for years, ought to be done in automobiles against Yule, 1919—that is, if money be not "too short," as they say. I have not sufficient experience of money myself to know exactly what those technical financial terms mean, though I often find my change short, especially if it be in dealing with a taxi-arch after dark. However, perhaps it is as well about the shortage of cars for sale at the moment. The price of quite the smallest and most inadequate trifle this Christmas seems to be about the price of what an ordinary limousine used to be before the war; and a year will give things time to settle down a bit.

However, the car-The Vicious Circle. purchasing public

must not anticipate cheap cars for some while to come, or be carried away by the phantasies of some of the motor copyspiners. What with raw material not only at such a high price, but rationed; and the ambassadorial emoluments of our coy and kittle sons of toil, and a good many other causes, prices cannot but be up in proportion, and in common with other things in the vicious circle which is making the whole world's brain whirl in these days. However, when the time comes when

manufacturers motors find themselves in a position to issue their bills of fare with prices attached, I don't fancy that, in proportion, they will be found to have risen inordinately as things go, or as much as most other things-a poor consolation, however, to the supertaxed purchaser! At the same time, prospective purchasers must brace themselves up for it to look a big rise, as no catalogues or prices will have been issued officially for five to



A MAZE OF MACHINERY: INSIDE A BRITISH

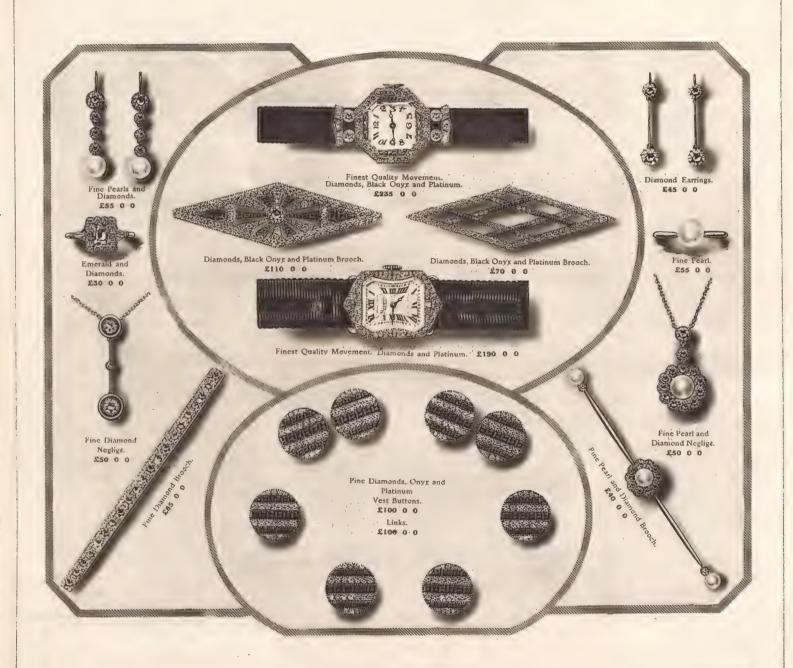
SUBMARINE .- [Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

six years! And who could be so absurdly brutal or unimaginatively grabbing as even to suggest a luxury-tax on top of all the other financial burdens and difficulties on the sides of vendor and purchaser alike? No wonder canny Andrew won't face sitting at the receipt of custom and compiling a reconstructional Budget of super-charges !



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PARIS.

MONTREAL. BUENOS AIRES. RIO DE JANEIRO. SAO PAULO.

Merry Christmas. A Merry Christmas to all; and, although there are bound to be sad memories mixed with the cheery spirits, it's good to think that from a circle where mirth is still impossible the anxiety and suspense that have done so much to cloud the last four Christmases can at last be definitely banished.

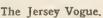
Clothes for Christmas.

Clothes and Christmas are closely united in the feminine mind. Even in ordinary times, Christmas to many women wouldn't be Christ-

mas without at least one new frock, and preferably two or three, to celebrate the event. This year the dress interest is stronger than ever. Could any woman consciously declare that the frock of war is suited to the first Christmas of Peace? Would any man seriously think the better of her if she could? Would his opinion be worth considering or his friendship cultivating if he did? The dress

people, at any rate, never entertained any doubts of the way things would go. They made preparations for a busy time, and they had it. In the restaurants and ballrooms, theatres and other places of enjoyment, the results of their efforts add to the high spirits induced by the feeling that there is no more war. The dreariest pessimist couldn't help "bucking up" under the enlivening influence of gold tissue or brightly coloured tulle, or shotpink and silver gauze, or Malmaison chiffon, Anyhow, if frocks can be taken as an indication of the feelings of the wearer, every woman who dresses (and it is not all who do it, by any manner of means) is determined to look on the bright side of life; and is anyone daring

enough to blame her for doing it?



The vogue for jerseys grows apace. Have you noticed

how they are cropping up at the restaurants, and insidiously creeping even into the danceroom, once reserved entirely for the evening or emphatically "fluffy" type of frock? The more conventional may be shocked, but there is an excuse for the newcomers. The fact is, someone ought to introduce a new word to describe the jolly little affairs that are still indiscriminately included under the "jersey" heading, for the term originally covered a strictly utilitarian type of garment of honest thick wool, and of a character very far removed from the dainty chiffon, or crêpe-de-Chine, or silk production that goes by the name to-day.

The collar is georgette, and the

neck is outlined with tulle.

There are crystal and jet beads

at every point.

The Latest Notion.

The latest jersey is knitted from fine silk, and more often than not takes on a fur hem or collar, or both, to add to its charms. It is comparatively short—

slightly below the high waist-line is the correct fashionable length; and, though it still clings to the comfortable ideals set by its predecessors, it is reckoned the smartest of wear, either under a fur coat—which slips very easily over it—or with the modish tailor-mades which the weather lately has helped to make more popular than ever. The silks are to be had in so many beautiful shades, and so much

ingenuity is shown in introducing variety by means of contrasting bands at the hem and wrists or the use of metal threads run through the silk, that there is no danger of the monotony that more than anything else so often helps to kill a too-popular fashion, however attractive it may be.

Angora for Adornment.

Who invented the idea of using angora wool as a trimming for fashion-

able frocks, and why did women adopt it? The answer to the second question is so obvious that it need not be emphasised. But the first is not quite so easy. For, frankly, the hairy-looking design suggesting the work of an artist in stencilling that appears on so many of the gowns of the moment, though it looks soft enough, is hardly pretty, and a long way from being practical, besides being one of the most expensive forms of decoration it is possible to use. But La Mode apparently cares for none of these things, and women have not yet shaken themselves sufficiently free of her influence to defy any decree she chooses to issue, We whether it is founded on wisdom or merely a desire to have something different from what has ever been used before.

Still Flourishing. There are no signs of a decrease in the embroidered effects which have for so long been the recognised hall-mark of the really chic dress. On the contrary, it appears to be spreading almost as widely as the hated 'flu. For while once upon a

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Something new in the popular knitted coat. The wide revers are decorated with black wool tassels, but the fringe is of all shades.



Now that motoring is no longer a crime, it's only natural that a new motor bonnet of soft grey suede should make a timely appearance.

time touches of embroidery in metal threads or coloured beads introduced sparingly on to the corsage of a gown, or the collar of a simple blouse or jumper, were counted as quite sufficient for purposes of smartness, the tendency at the moment is to obscure—or at least lightly to camouflage—a very large part of the frock behind a delicate screen worked in the chosen medium. the necessary fur hem and collar have been added, there is just enough of the material showing to give anyone with keen and observant eyes some idea, at least, of the original state of the finished product.

Looking Ahead. While women are thinking of their winter clothes, dressmakers are immersed in the problem of the spring wardrobe. At the moment no

wardrobe. At the moment no definite news is available. Even those who ought to know best admit to being puzzled. There is a sort of vague feeling that great dress changes may be expected, but the boldest spirits do not dare to venture on prophecy. Like Mahomet's coffin, the Spring Mode is hanging midway between heaven and the part of the earth occupied by Paris, and until she chooses to come right down speculation, though interesting, is from the practical point of view useless.



No; it is not trimmed with fur, but with rabbit wool, which looks just as effective, and is new into the bargain. The collar falls almost to the waist at the back, for warnth.

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OMAN ABOUT TO

To Mitigate Matters.

It has been rather the fashion to arrange for a good old-fashioned Christmas in the country this year. It is not to say that town was to

be deserted—one might almost have walked on people's heads during the week, had they been considerate enough to be all one level. It was a great thing not to be tied to the telephone-receiver, with a heart-in-mouth sensation every time the bell tinkled. True, the men and boys of many families are still far away, but are not in danger of being killed or maimed. The misguided men (there are a few) who have told their wives that they preferred to take part in the triumphant march into Germany to their Christmas leave will live to regret—not the preference, but the telling of it! Of course, the wives are very triumphant inside themselves too; but they have protests in store for the men who preferred Hunland to them; and fur coats, diamonds, or motor-cars will be nceded to mitigate matters when they do return!

Again and Again. I think we may safely take it that Germans left here uninterned during the war are at least harmless; many of them are loyal to this country, and are now mourning the loss of relatives who died fighting on our side. There is no doubt that we have been extremely well served by our Intelligence Department, and that we need feel no uneasiness whatever about the continued residence in our midst of those held by that department harmless. British folk are nothing if not fair-minded; their individual treatment of German neighbours will be settled largely by those neighbours and by local knowledge of what they have done and left undone. I would

have all property here owned by Germans or children of Germans bought back from them at a fair valuation; and no enemy alien allowed to acquire any in future. It is not now, with the German atrocities fresh in our minds, that we need to be so careful, but for the future. Peaceful penetration, which was so much more Teutonically successful than war, will be tried again and again.



·Ninon, trimmed with jet and pearl embroidery simple and effective as could be desired.

You do not corset Seers into Fashion Futurity. your body now; you corset your hips and thighs. It is a very much more comfortable process than the former! What women did in the days of wasp-waists I cannot conjecture. That they upset the whole plan of campaign inside is as sure as eggs is eggs-which isn't sure, because there are not any! Now one's waist may be twenty-seven to thirty without the smallest shame for such extravagance of inches; but the hips and thighs must not be more. Harvey Nichols' corsets for the New Fashions-and fashions are always of the freshest at this celebrated Knightsbridge house-show that pressure on the body is a thing of the past. From the waist down straight lines are observed. Any inclination to extend in this direction, under the influence of decline in food control, must be sternly dealt with. There is at the moment no indication that the waist is to be defined and refined, although the seers into fashion futurity say it will be later on.

Women Electors. I believe every woman who had a vote recorded it, despite the day, which was desperately wet, dark, and Three good ladies of my muddy. acquaintance went with their hubbies to the poll and voted against the poor dears' pet candidate. They told me of it in strictest confidence, and said that they knew their men's man was all for strikes; and only women

The pronouncements of Pope & Bradley are occasionally symptomatic.



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WHO LOVES THE BUREAUCRATS?

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

DO not love the Bureaucracy. I meet many people, interesting and uninteresting, passionate and cowlike, intelligent and unintelligent, idealists and high-dealists, literary men and journalists, artists and Royal Academicians, but I can find no one who does love the Bureaucracy—except the Bureaucrats, and even they do not love each other.

The Bureaucracy controls everything, except its own obsession to control, which is uncontrollable.

Now, although the Bureaucrats are mostly old men, it is remarkable that they contrive to increase like rabbits, and the Bureaucracy has now grown into a colossal army, unproductive, inefficient, uncreative, incompetent, destructive, and a stupendous charge on the

They are never constructive and always obstructive.

I have had it said to me on more than one occasion by High Officials, "They do not care about business," meaning, of course, that the Business Community was not to be considered: that it was regarded as an unessential nuisance—something to be held in contempt, to be bullied, dictated to, thwarted, and crushed at will. But who is going to pay for

the war?

The Business Community must no longer be content to live in the outer darkness, to be

The Business Community must no longer be content to live in the outer darkness, to be permitted to exist on sufferance as vulgar Taxpayers.

It sounds ironical to suggest even another Controller, but what we really need is a Bureaucrat Controller—someone who will curb their appetite for illogical and unnecessary interference, someone who will enquire into what "They" are doing, and who will restrict and "comb out" these tired, worn-out, ignorant old men, and retire the majority of them to the peaceful asylums from whence they came.

If we do not smash the unlimited power of the Bureaucracy, it will smash us.

Turning to something less irritating and more productive, the House of Pope & Bradley, despite innumerable war-time difficulties, continues to supply Service Kit and Mufti at prices still within the border line of sanity.

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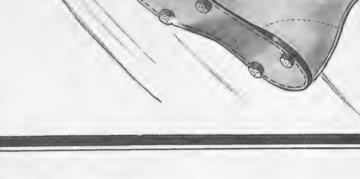
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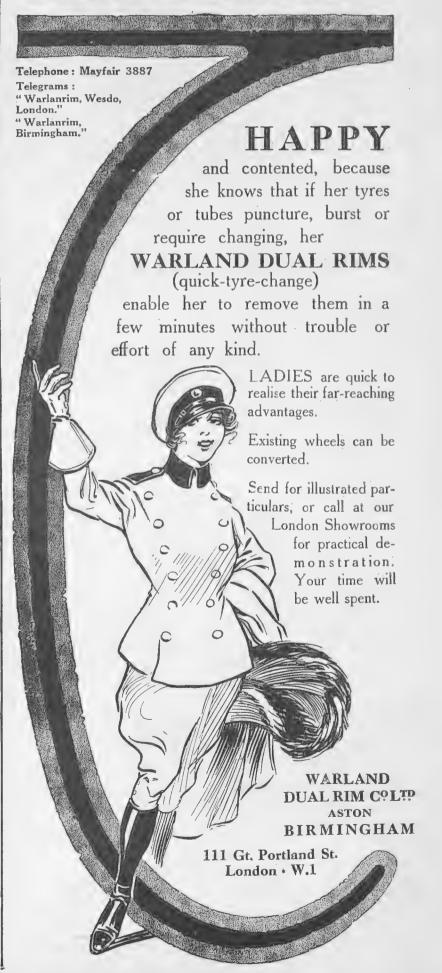
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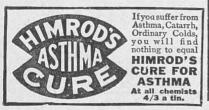
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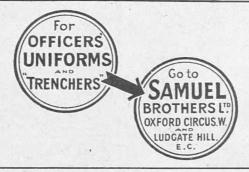
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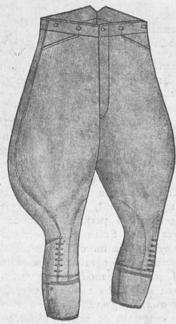




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know the miseries of them, so they lay low, like Brer Rabbit, and said nuffin', but supported the Coalition man. A very smart woman tripped to the polling-station on her own high heels, having lent her car—gas-bag driven—to her pet candidate. She tripped back to lunch at a smart restaurant, and made it quite plain, to the experienced, that she had put her cross in the wrong place and voted for the wrong man, which nearly reduced her to tears. Remembering her last application of papier poudré, she refrained, and only shook her latest Pek. and was rude to the waiter!

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" was an extremely Comfort in a Cottage. chilly nightmare. Marble seems to me a dubious luxury in our climate. Last week I happened to be among the seats of the mighty, and conceived a strong dislike to damp-laden marble halls, walls, and staircases. They may be very nice for the fourteen or fifteen hot days of a British year. For the rest there are many pleasanter things to live with. Then the mighty told me that they were sorely distressed about their pictures, which were missing the usual heating and becoming moist. Another drawback to high places is a coal shortage. It is enough to keep ourselves fairly comfortable, without having to see that ancestors to the third and fourth generation are not feeling damp and that works of art destined for the pleasure of generations to come are not deteriorating. Truly there is comfort in a cottage these days, and a freedom from responsibility greatly to be desired.

There is a run on evening Among the gowns, so the great houses tell Best-Dressed. me—or rather, the heads of that special department in them. Dancing is the entertainment for afternoon and evening that is most in vogue, and invitations pour in for them. There is a good choice of pretty dance gowns at Eciruam

(Maurice), 44, South Molton Street, W.I, and the prices admit of having two or three, and so accomplishing that change which is essential to the moral that they should. Patience—Rome was not built in a day. The Armistice is a mere six-weeks-old baby, and the Peace infant has not arrived. The first Court has invariably been Diplomatic, and the diplomatic circle is nearly as chaotic as the "Almanac de Gotha." The Household at the Palace is still depleted, and will be so for some time. The domestic staff is similarly situated. Depend upon it that, so soon as it is possible, their Majesties will permit a pronouncement about Courts and State functions. Also these will be as many and as important as possible, for our King and Queen consider all sections of their people, and well know that modistes have had a

a new need for elegant afternoon frocks, and here is one of them. It is made of Chartreuse-green charmeuse and black tulle : its bodice is heavily em-

broidered with chenille and trimmed with dark fur.

The "thé dansant" has created

support of a girl, be she married or single. The point about these gowns is their lack of complicated fastenings, and the ease with which they can be donned. There is an access rather than a decrease of style with this convenience; and the models in satin and chiffon velvet, in georgette, and crêpe-de-Chine are well worth calling upon, choosing from, and carrying away. Depend upon it that the wearer of these Maurice dresses will be among the best-dressed, wherever they are. A Pronouncement Who said Courts?
The King and Queen About Courts. have not said Courts, but very many people, chief among them the West-End modistes, are most anxious

hard time, and wearers of les modes a very selfsacrificing one. The question of to entertain or not to entertain is something more than a mere matter of speculation in the "fashionable world." The welfare of dressmaking London largely depends on it.

